

Kurayami

by Ameli Abbot

Category: Haibane Renmei
Genre: Fantasy, Supernatural
Language: English
Status: In-Progress
Published: 2005-03-20 08:26:48
Updated: 2005-03-20 08:26:48
Packaged: 2016-04-26 13:44:12
Rating: K
Chapters: 1
Words: 578
Publisher: www.fanfiction.net
Summary: A child with a feared name, and forgotten dream.
One night her dream is finally revealed.

Kurayami

This is "drabble" as some call it, or a "ficlet"
> This is just a blast of words, I decided to take into typing.<p>

I may update this with more... I don't know. But I hope you enjoy
this. Its a bit dark, but still...

* * *

>"What do you remember about your cocoon dream?" <p>A voice asked
me,<p>

"Nothingâ€|" I said, surprised by the sound of my voice.

"Come, come, you must remember somethingâ€|"

"All I rememberâ€| is darknessâ€|" I told the small group that
surrounded my bed.

From then on I was known as Kurayami.

Our past lives were often hidden from us.

For we were called haibane, upon my back wings grew, and I was given
a ring of metal, which I wore as a halo.

The other haibane told me we were named for our dreams. But none of
them spoke of having trouble remembering.

My name was given to me with uncertainty.

Kurayami wasn't the most cheerful name christened; it was much

different than the other haibane, like Pacchiri, who was named for her dream of a shimmering glow,

or Daben, on behalf of his memory of laughter.

Others learned of my forgotten dream, and I was secretly known as a "mistake" or "lost" haibane.

> When someone would simply whisper my name, younger haibane would shudder.
 It wasn't my fault, was it?

That my name was splintered with gloom, or that I didn't have a crystal clear memory, could it possibly be my fault?

Could it?

I wished I could remember. I prayed. But my pleas were futile.

The days went by, I tried my best to carry myself as if there were no brief whispers that flitted about the room as I entered, or I tried to ignore the odd glances that fell upon me.

It was no use.

As I became more conscious of the flying rumors, and withdrew from their cheery faces, the louder the gossip appeared to grow.

With my tears, my wings grew a grayish tint.

An older haibane named Rakka taught me how to hide the blotches.

She dried my tears and told me that everything was going to be fine.

I tried with all my heart to believe her, I did. Its justâ€| with her words I could always feel a breath of doubt. But her voice was the only one I could hold on to, the only one that I could cling to, especially when the gray tint became a deep black.

Finally, as I laid my head down to sleep, I felt happy for once in a long time.

Silence was all that filled the Old Home.

And my mind drifted.

â€|

The night was dark, and the clouds wisped about in the black sky.

A girl laid asleep into a soft blanket.

A box, four walls surrounded her. A cramped space.

But the child had no knowledge of this, she quietly slept.

The sound of dirt pounded upon the roof of the makeshift coffin.

An incredible amount of weight pelted upon the wooden covering.

The soft breathing of the child filled the box.

The pounding increased, and the little one's eyes opened.

Shock flowed through her veins.

Darkness enveloped her vision. The clamor became more distant.

The girl tried to scream, but the sound was silenced.

The shoveling stopped.

And as hope ensued, under pressure the box collapsed and crushed the adolescent.

Kurayami

* * *

>I hope you liked it.
 Reviews are always welcomed.

End
file.